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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 62

'REVELATION OF THE DALEKS'

by

Eric Saward

EPISODE ONE

Producer	JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
Script Editor	ERIC SAWARD
Production Associate	SUE ANSRUTHER
Production Secretary	SARAH LEE
Director	GRAEME HARPER
Production Manager	MIKE CAMERON
Production Assistant	LIZ SHERRY
A.F.M.	DAVID TILLEY
Designer	ALAN SPAULDING
Costume Designer	PAT GODFREY
Make-Up Designer	ELIZABETH ROWLE
Visual Effects Designer	JOHN BRACE
Technical Co-ordinator	ALAN ARBUTHNOT
Lighting Director	HENRY BARBER
Sound Supervisor	ANDY STACEY
Video Effects	DAVE CHAPMAN
Music	ROGER LIMB
Special Sound	DICK MILLS

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"DOCTOR WHO" SERIAL 6Z EP 1: 'Revelation of the Daleks'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
PERI
DAVROS
GRIGORY
NATASHA
MR. JOBEL
TASAMBEKER
MUTANT
FIRST DALEK
TAKIS
LILT
DJ
KARA
VOGEL
ORCINI
BOSTOCK
HEAD OF STENGOS

NON-SPEAKING:

ATTENDANTS
DALEKS

* * * * *

SETS:

Tranquil Repose Composite:
Reception Area
Studio
Laboratory
New Catacomb(s)
Old Catacomb(s)
Incubation Room
Cell

Kara's Office

* * * * *

TELECINE:

Ext. Rough Ground
Ext. Garden of Fond Memories

* * * * *

MODELS:

Planet Necros
Tranquil Repose

* * * * *

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6Z

'REVELATION OF THE DALEKS'

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EPISODE ONE

TELECINE 1:

a) Deep Space. (Model Shot)

The planet Necros hangs
in space.

b) Ext. Rough Ground.
Day.

The area is bleak
and deserted.

Somewhere in SHOT we
see what appears to
be a large pool of
steaming, dirty water.

The Tardis materialises
near the pool.

The door opens and
PERI, dressed in a
white jump suit
emerges.

She is munching a
bread roll.

Slowly she ambles over to
the pool of water,
reacts to its smell,
looks at her bread
roll, decides she's no
longer hungry and
throws it into the pool.

THE DOCTOR: (O.O.V.) How do I
look?

PERI turns, and from
her POV we see THE
DOCTOR standing in the
door of the Tardis.

He is wearing a white,
full length cloak,
over his familiar costume.

PERI: Far more comfortable
than I feel. This thing I'm
wearing is too tight.

THE DOCTOR: You eat too much.

PERI: Hardly. I've just
given my lunch to the fish.
Can't I change into something
more comfortable?

THE DOCTOR: Certainly not.
White is the official colour of
mourning. And on Necros women's
legs are to be covered at all
times.

PERI: That sounds positively feudal.

THE DOCTOR: It's polite, as well as safer, to honour the local customs. You should know that by now.

PERI: But I don't even know this guy you've come to see.

THE DOCTOR: Guy! Guy! (OUTRAGED) Guy! You are talking about Professor Arthur Stengos, one of the finest agronomists in the galaxy.

PERI: I'm sorry. I'm ever more sorry he's dead. But it doesn't change the fact that this suit is uncomfortable.

Suddenly the water boils and Peri's roll disappears snatched under the surface by unseen jaws.

What was that?

The water again becomes calm.

She moves towards THE DOCTOR.

Teasingly he edges towards the pond.

THE DOCTOR: Would you like me to find out?

PERI: No!

Suddenly there is a
loud explosion and a
column of water
shoots up from the
pond.

THE DOCTOR: Poor old
thing. I've warned you about
feeding animals.

PERI: That was my lunch. It's the
last time I eat any more of your
home cured ham.

Disturbed, PERI
looks around.

PERI: What else is here?

THE DOCTOR: The odd voltrox.
The occasional speelsnape.

PERI: Do they bite?

THE DOCTOR: Only each other.

With a flourish he
entwines his cloak
about himself.

THE DOCTOR: Come on.

He moves off.

With a glance back
at the pool, PERI
follows.

As they move away from
CAMERA, a mutilated
hand edges into the corner
of the FRAME.

1. INT. RECEPTION AREA.

(THE FEEL IS HIGH
TEC.

THE WALLS ARE
SMOOTH AND
WHITE. ANY
EMBELLISHMENT
SHOULD BE IN
CHROME.

THE ONLY THING THAT
DISTURBS ITS SMOOTH
LINES IS A LARGE
SCREEN MOUNTED
ON ONE WALL.

BENEATH IT IS A
CONSOLE.

SCATTERED AROUND
THE ROOM ARE WHITE,
LEATHER EASY CHAIRS
AND THE OCCASIONAL
COFFEE TABLE.

THE LIGHTING IS
RESTFUL VERGING
ON THE RESPECTFUL.

IN THE MIDDLE OF
THE ROOM, TWO
FEMALE ATTENDANTS
ARE PUTTING THE
FINISHING TOUCHES
TO A SMALL PLATFORM
LARGE ENOUGH TO
SUPPORT A COFFIN.

TAKIS, A BEAR OF
A MAN, ARRANGES
FLOWERS.

NEARBY LILT AND
ANOTHER MALE
ASSISTANT ARE ENGAGED
IN SIMILAR WORK.

THE DISPLAYS OF
FLOWERS ARE IMPRESSIVE
BOTH IN SIZE AND
ARRANGEMENT.

THEY SHOULD INCLUDE
HERBA BACULUM
VITAE (SEE LATER)

ALL THE ATTENDANTS
WEAR VERY SIMPLE
WHITE TWO PIECE
UNISEX TUNICS.

MR. JOBEL ENTERS.
HE IS FAT, GREASY-
HAIR ED AND BESPECKLED
IN "JOHN LENNON"
ROUND FRAMED GLASSES.

LIKE EVERYONE ELSE,
HE IS DRESSED IN
A SIMPLE WHITE TUNIC. BUT
MR. JOBEL IS THE
HEAD EMBARMER AND
QUALIFIES FOR THE
SATORIAL SPLENDER OF
TWO SMALL GOLD FLASHES
ON THE COLLAR OF
HIS TUNIC TOP)

JOBEL: Lovely, absolutely
lovely. (WRINGS HIS HANDS WITH
JOY) You've excelled yourself,
Mr. Takis, you really have.

TAKIS: (SHYLY) Thank you, Mr
Jobel.

(TASAMBEKER ENTERS)

JOBEL: This will be the finest
perpetual instatement I have
ever arranged, assuming the witch
doesn't turn to dust before we
get her underground.

- 1/7 -

TASAMBEKER: Not with you in charge Mr. Jobel.

JOBEL: What? That was supposed to be a joke.

TASAMBEKER: Sorry, Mr. Jobel.

(JOBEL TAKES
TAKIS TO ONE
SIDE)

JOBEL: That one thinks with her knuckles, I tell you Takis, after today, we'll go down in funeral history. Everyone will want our services.

TAKIS: Let's get the day over with first, Mr. Jobel.

JOBEL: (SMILES) Always the cautious one, Takis, but you're absolutely right of course.

(HE TURNS ROUND
BUMPING INTO
TASAMBEKER)

What do you want? You're always under my feet.

TASAMBEKER: I'm sorry, Mr Jobel. (ALL OF A FLUSTER)
It's just that I was told to inform you that surveillance has picked up the presidential spacecraft.

JOBEL: Well, I hope they're on time. She's already started to froth. And we all know what that leads to. Thank goodness it's a lead lined casket. (cont...)

(LOOKS AROUND AT THE ATTENDANTS)

JOBEL: (cont) And I want to see you lot in fresh tunic and full funerary make-up before the president arrives. We don't want the poor thing uncertain who the corpse is, now do we?

(HE EXITS.

DOE-EYED
TASAMBEKER WATCHES
HIM LEAVE.

SHE THEN SENSES
SHE IS BEING
WATCHED.

WIDEN SHOT AND
WE SEE TAKIS
LOOKING AT HER)

TASAMBEKER: (SNAPS) What are you staring at?

TAKIS: (SMILES) You're wasting your time there. He isn't interested in you.

TASAMBEKER: Get on with your work!

(SHE STORMS OUT
OF THE ROOM.

LILT AND TAKIS
EXCHANGE A
WRY GRIN.

OVER THEIR SHOULDERS
WE SEE THE
SHIFTY DUO OF
NATASHA AND
GRIGORY, IN WHITE
ATTENDANTS UNIFORM,
SLIP BY.

THEY BOTH CARRY
BOXES)

TELECINE 2:

a) Ext. Rough Ground.
Top of Bank. Day.

PERI and THE DOCTOR amble along.

PERI stops and examines a small bush. As she does, we see the duo from the MUTANT'S P.O.V.

PERI: This seems to be the only plant that grows in this wilderness.

THE DOCTOR: Herba Baculum Vitae.

PERI: (PONDERS FOR A MOMENT) Herba Baculum Vitae ... "The staff of life."

THE DOCTOR: That's right. Its common name is the weed plant.

PERI: It looks sort of familiar.

THE DOCTOR: It's very similar to the soya bean plant on Earth. It's excellent food value. Never understood why it hasn't been cultivated.

PERI: Is it safe to touch?

THE DOCTOR: Usually.

PERI snaps off a small twig and thrusts it into a pocket.

THE DOCTOR: For your collection?

PERI: When I get back to Earth, I've got to wow the college with something, as my grades certainly won't.

There is the sound of a stone falling.

PERI: What was that?

THE DOCTOR: A small rodent.

PERI: With sharp teeth and rabid saliva?

THE DOCTOR: Not on Necros. Well, at least, not rabies. (cont...)

There is a loud roar and the MUTANT breaks cover, half lumbering, half staggering towards THE DOCTOR.

Note: The MUTANT is humanoid in shape, and is dressed in rags. His face is grotesquely distorted as though his skin has been melted. Large globs of flesh seem to have bubbled, then set, before the features have had time to completely dissolve. His hands are the same.

With one hand
THE DOCTOR releases
the clasp on his
cloak, allowing
the garment to fall
to the ground.

With his other hand
he pushes PERI to
one side.

The MUTANT continues
to advance, although
with less menace.

THE DOCTOR removes
his watch and chain
from his waistcoat
pocket, holds it up
and allows it to
gently swing.

THE DOCTOR: (cont) (TO THE MUTANT)
Come, my friend. Be at peace with
the world. Concentrate ...

The MUTANT pauses
about six feet from
THE DOCTOR, apparently
pacified by the
swinging disc - but
his expression is
more one of confusion
than that of subjection.

THE DOCTOR: There we are. Now
what's your problem?

The MUTANT roars
and dives at
THE DOCTOR.

PERI screams.

b) Ext. Rough Ground.
Bottom of Bank. Day.

Locked in each others arms, THE DOCTOR and MUTANT roll down the banking.

PERI scrambles, half tumbles down the slope after them.

At the bottom of the bank, the MUTANT soon takes the dominant position on top of THE DOCTOR, his mutilated thumbs pressing down on the TIME LORD'S wind pipe.

THE DOCTOR fights and struggles the best he can, but the MUTANT is too strong for him.

Saliva gushes from the MUTANT'S mouth and soon THE DOCTOR'S face is drenched.

PERI reaches the bottom of the bank, picks up a large stone, staggers to the fighting duo and brings the stone down on the MUTANT'S head.

The first blow has little effect. She starts to panic and PERI strikes him again, then again. Still the MUTANT remains immune.

PERI lashes out harder and more viciously.

Suddenly the
MUTANT gives in,
roars and clutching
his bleeding head,
rolls off THE DOCTOR,
growling and moaning.

PERI discards her
stone and crosses
to THE DOCTOR.

Momentarily, the
gasping DOCTOR
remains on his back
struggling to
ventilate his lungs.

Slowly he sits up.

PERI: Are you all right?

THE DOCTOR nods,
then reacts to the
pain in his neck.

The MUTANT moans
and PERI and
THE DOCTOR turn
to look at him.

MUTANT: Help me.

THE DOCTOR scrambles
to his feet, and,
with PERI crosses
to him.

HIGH LONG SHOT OF
PERI AND THE DOCTOR.

CRASH ZOOM ONTO
PERI:

D.J.: (V.O.) (WILDLY ENTHUSIASTIC)
Hey there, you guys, viddy this! ...

2. INT. D.J.'S STUDIO.

(IN FRONT OF D.J.
IS A LARGE BANK
OF MONITORS.

EACH MONITOR SHOWS
A DIFFERENT SCENE:
THE NEW AND OLD
CATACOMBS, RECEPTION
AREA ETC. (BUT
NOT DAVROS'
LABORATORY)

WE CAN ALSO SEE
THE "GARDEN OF
FOND MEMORIES,"
THE ROUGH GROUND
AND SEVERAL STAR
FIELDS ETC.

THROUGH THESE
MONITORS D.J. IS
NOT ONLY VISUALLY
IN TOUCH WITH HIS
IMMEDIATE SURROUNDING,
BUT CAN ALSO CALL UP
SHOTS OF THE
PLANETS OF THE
"RESTING ONES."

ALTHOUGH D.J. IS
DRESSED IN THE
FORMAL WHITE UNIFORM
ALL ATTENDENTS
WEAR, HE HAS
ATTEMPTED TO
MODIFY HIS WITH
A DASH OF HIS
OWN PERSONALITY.

HE ALSO WEARS A
COLOURFUL HEADBAND
AND DARK GLASSES.

D.J. HAS TWO VOICES.
THE FIRST IS A
MID-ATLANTIC, HYPED
UP VERSION WHICH IS
HIS "PROFESSIONAL"
D.J.'S VOICE.

THE SECOND, IS HIS
NATURAL VOICE,
WHICH IS A FLAT
ENGLISH ACCENT.

UNLESS OTHERWISE
STATED, D.J. USES
HIS "PROFESSIONAL
VOICE."

THE IMAGE OF PERI
FILLS ONE OF THE
MONITOR SCREENS.

PULL BACK AND
WE SEE D.J.
WATCHING IT)

D.J.: For all those appreciative of
the humanoid female form, we have a
maiden in distress! Not often we see
one of those here. Usually the place
is as quiet as a grave.

(INTIMATELY INTO
THE MICROPHONE IN
FRONT OF HIM)

But seriously, guys, a word of
warning. Remember you are in
suspended animation. And we don't
want a repeat of last time ...

(CLOSE UP OF
MONITOR.
WE SEE THE DOCTOR
AND PERI IN LONG SHOT)

Overheated ventilators are expensive
to replace ...

3. INT. DAVROS' LABORATORY.

(CLOSE-UP MONITOR.

ON IT WE SEE
SAME IMAGE AS D.J.

PULL BACK AND WE
SEE AN ATTENDANT
AND A WHITE DALEK
WATCHING THE SCREEN)

D.J.: (V.O. SPEAKER) And when you
have a self induced blow out, it's
your loved ones who have to bear
the cost ...

DAVROS: (O.O.V.) Shut the fool off!

(D.J. V.O. SPEAKER,
WITH MOCK CHEERFUL-
NESS)

D.J.: So remember -

(THE ATTENDENT OBEYS.

HE THEN HITS ANOTHER
BUTTON AND A
FROZEN FRAME OF
THE DOCTOR - FROM
THE FIGHT WITH
THE MUTANT - FLASHES
UP ON A LARGE
SCREEN)

FIRST DALEK: It is the Doctor.

(ON DAVROS.

- 1/17 -

INSTEAD OF DAVROS' FAMILAR CHARIOT WE SEE ONLY HIS HEAD SUSPENDED IN A LARGE TANK OF CLEAR LIQUID.

CONNECTED TO THE TANK ARE A SERIES OF WIRES AND TUBES)

DAVROS: Excellent. My lure has worked.

FIRST DALEK: I shall order Daleks to detain him.

DAVROS: No. It will give me the greater pleasure to watch his own curiosity deliver him into my hands.

4. INT. NEW CATAcomb.

(AS WITH THE RECEPTION AREA, THE WALLS ARE WHITE AND SMOOTH.

THE HEAVY ROUND DOORS THAT SEAL THE CELLS OF THE "RESTING ONES" ARE CHROME AND SHINY.

THE CONTROL BOXES THAT MONITOR AND VENTILATE THE BODIES WITHIN FLASH AND WINK AT THE SIDE OF EACH DOOR.

THE OVERALL LIGHTING IS MOODY, BUT SUBTLE.

GRIGORY AND NATASHA ENTER THE CATAcomb, SEE AN ARMED ATTENDANT AND A WHITE DALEK AT THE FAR END OF THE CORRIDOR AND QUICKLY WITHDRAW INTO A SIDE PASSAGE.

THE DALEK AND GUARD ARE PROTECTING A MASSIVE SLIDING SHIELD THAT SEPERATES THE "NEW" FROM THE "OLD" CATACOMBS.

IN THE ALCOVE GRIGORY AND NATASHA PUT DOWN THEIR BOXES AND FROM THEM REMOVE BACK PACKS.

NATASHA PULLS A
SMALL BLASTER AND
TWO GRENADES FROM
HER PACK.

ONE OF THE GRENADES
SHE ATTACHES TO
HER BELT IN THE
SMALL OF HER BACK.
THE OTHER SHE
PRIMES)

GRIGORY: Oh, you're such an impetuous
child. Those things kill.

NATASHA: So do Daleks.

GRIGORY: Why did I ever allow myself
to be talked into this folly?

(HE UNCLIPS A METAL
CONTAINER FROM HIS
BELT AND TAKES A
SWIG FROM IT)

NATASHA: That stuff won't help you.

GRIGORY: I can only but try.

(HE HOLDS OUT A
HAND WHICH BADLY
SHAKES)

Look at the state I'm in. I don't
know whether my hand shakes from
fear or the delirium tremors.

NATASHA: Are you ready?

GRIGORY: (NODS) If you must.

(NATASHA POPS OUT
OF THE ALCOVE AND
SLIDES THE
GRENADE ALONG THE
FLOOR TOWARDS
THE DALEK.

THE ATTENDENT SEES
HER, FIRES BUT
MISSSES.

THE GRENADE EXPLODES
DESTROYING BOTH
GUARD AND DALEK

GRIGORY AND NATASHA,
NOW WEARING BACK-
PACKS MOVE CAUTIOUSLY
FROM THEIR COVER)

5. INT. DAVROS' LABORATORY.

FIRST DALEK: Sensors indicate an explosion on level seven.

DAVROS: Show me.

(ATTENDANT FIDLES
WITH SWITCHES ON
THE CONSOLE.)

ON THE LARGE
SCREEN WE SEE
THE DESTROYED
DALEK, DEAD GUARD
AND NATASHA AND
GRIGORY WORKING
ON THE SHIELD
OPENING MECHANISM)

That isn't possible. They have destroyed a Dalek!

FIRST DALEK: It was a proto-type mark one.

DAVROS: But fitted with an energy barrier. Nothing should be able to penetrate it, especially a grenade. Why is my work constantly hampered by lack of funds. I must speak to Kara.

FIRST DALEK: At once.

DAVROS: And inform Takis there are body snatchers in the Catacombs.

TELECINE 3:

Ext. Rough Ground.
Bottom of Bank. Day.

The MUTANT is now
sitting upright, propped
against a convenient
rock, but he is in a
very bad way.

THE DOCTOR and PERI
are with the MUTANT.

THE DOCTOR: Why did you attack
us?

Despite his appearance,
the MUTANT, has a soft,
very agreeable voice.

MUTANT: I over reacted.

PERI: But why?

MUTANT: The disc ... you
shouldn't have tried to
condition me.

A sudden pain shoots
through the MUTANT
and he lets out a
groan. Aware that
he is about to die,
he is possessed by
an urgency to relate
all he wants to say.

MUTANT: I think you've
killed me.

- 1/23 -

PERI: I'm so sorry.

MUTANT: I would have responded similarly if you had attacked me ... In many ways you've done me a favour ... It hasn't been much, fun being like I am ...

Grins a toothless grin.

MUTANT: Wouldn't think I once looked like you.

THE DOCTOR: What happened?

MUTANT: The Great Healer ... I'm a product of his experimentation.

THE DOCTOR: Who is this Great Healer?

The MUTANT dies.

THE DOCTOR stands up.

PERI starts to silently cry.

PERI: I killed him ... (cont ...)

THE DOCTOR puts his arm round Peri's shoulder.

- 1/24 -

PERI: (cont) And he forgave
me.

She starts to sob.

PERI: Why did he have to be
so nice about it?

- 1/25 -

6. INT. DAVROS' LABORATORY.

FIRST DALEK: Neither Kara
nor Takis respond.

(ATTENDANT PRESSES
A BUTTON AND
WE SEE TAKIS
AND THE OTHERS
AT WORK IN
THE RECEPTION AREA
MUCH AS BEFORE)

DAVROS: Find Tasambeker.
I want the intruders caught!

FIRST DALEK: I obey.

DAVROS: And keep trying
Kara.

7. INT. NEW CATAcomb.

(NATASHA CONTINUES
TO FIDDLE WITH
THE CONTROL)

NATASHA: That's it.

GRIGORY: (HIC-CUPS) Nerves ...
Sorry.

(NATASHA SCOWLS
THEN ENTERS THE
OLD CATACOMBS
BEYOND THE SHIELD)

NATASHA: Come on.

(SHE RUNS OFF
INTO THE GLOOM.

RELUCTANTLY
GRIGORY FOLLOWS)

8. INT. D.J.'S STUDIO.

(ON A MONITOR WE
SEE GRIGORY AND
NATASHA RUNNING
DOWN AN OLD
CATACOMB)

D.J.: Hey there you guys, we
have "you know what" in the
building. Someone could be in
for a sudden defrosting. But
seriously, guys, I think it's
time we cooled things a little ...
And I can think of nothing more
soothing than a dedication or
two ...

(OPENS FOLDER.
THEN WITH MOCK
SINCERITY)

You know, I get as much a kick
out of reading these as I know
you do hearing them ...

(HE PLACES HIS HAND
OVER THE MICROPHONE
AND SNIGGERS)

9. INT. RECEPTION AREA.

(AS BEFORE.

TASAMBEKER ENTERS
AND CROSSES TO THE
CONSOLE)

TASAMBEKER: Takis!

(TAKIS CONTINUES TO
ARRANGE THE FLOWERS)

TASAMBEKER: Are you listening
to me?

(TASAMBEKER PRESSES
A COUPLE OF BUTTONS
ON THE CONSOLE)

LILT: (MUFFLED VOICE) Who's
in love. Who's in love.

(TASAMBEKER SPINS
ROUND)

TASAMBEKER: (SHOUTS) Who
said that?

(TAKIS TURNS TO
FACE HER)

Was it you?

TAKIS: (GRUNTS) What?

TASAMBEKER: Who said - Oh, never mind.

TAKIS: Why are you always so noisy? You give me a headache.

TASAMBEKER: I'll give you more than that in a moment. It seems you prefer to play with flowers than do your duty. Your communicator was switched off. And the Great Healer has been trying to contact you.

TAKIS: I like flowers.

TASAMBEKER: You're supposed to be head of security.

TAKIS: I can still like flowers.

TASAMBEKER: Not when it compromises your duty. You're a disgrace!

TAKIS: Because I like flowers, or because I won't respond to your bullying. For that's what you are, Tasambeker, a pathetic bully.

TASAMBEKER: (FURIOUS) You're attitude doesn't go unnoticed. The Great Healer sees and hears everything.

(TAKIS GLANCES UP
AT THE SECURITY
CAMERA)

TAKIS: Then he'll also see the way you abuse his name to bolster your own authority.

TASAMBEKER: (QUIETLY) That's right, Takis, keep it up. Talk yourself in front of a firing squad.

TAKIS: (TO LILT) She's threatening me again.

LILT: Well, she is a bit upset. You've got to allow her to get rid of her frustration somehow.

TASAMBEKER: Shut up! You're both in enough trouble as it is. There are body snatchers in the building. And they must have walked in right under your nose.

TAKIS: (TO LILT) Did you see anyone?

LILT: No. (TO A FEMALE ATTENDANT) Did you?

(ATTENDANT SHAKES HER HEAD)

TAKIS: You see. Must have got in another way.

(TASEMBEKER FUMES)

TASAMBEKER: Enjoy yourself. While you can. (SHOUTS) Meanwhile find the intruders!

- 1/31 -

10. INT. DAVROS' LABORATORY.

(ON A MONITOR WE
SEE TAKIS AND
LILT LEAVING THE
RECEPTION AREA.

TASAMBEKER WATCHES
THEM GO)

DAVROS: (TO ATTENDENT) Have
that woman, brought to me.

11. INT. D.J.'S STUDIO.

(D.J. INTIMATELY
INTO THE MICROPHONE)

D.J.: Hey there, casket eight one six - or should I say, hi George. This is D.J. with a very special message for you. Today you are one hundred and sixty-three Tralphon years old. Congratulations. (CONSULTS HIS SCRIPT) Your dear wife Venella, who is still very much alive, sends you her sincerest and fondest love. She misses you very much and wants you to know that you are constantly in her thoughts. She would also like to reassure you on this very special day, that her every waking hour is spent administering the research fund you set up to find the cure for Becks Syndrome, that, oh so, dreadful disease that took you from her side.

(HE PLACES HIS HAND
OVER THE MICROPHONE
AND SNIGGERS.)

HE THEN RECOMPOSES
HIMSELF AND CONTINUES
TO PURR)

You see George, she still loves you. And to celebrate that deepest and purest of emotions, your dearest wife has requested I play a little music for you. From her heart to your heart, George. . . (cont ...)

(D.J. PRESSES A
SWITCH AND SOME
VERY STRANGE
ELECTRONIC MUSIC
IS HEARD.)

D.J. TAKES THE
VOLUME OF THE
MUSIC DOWN AND IN
HIS "OWN" VOICE
SAYS:)

D.J.: (cont) Poor, old George.
You've got a wife and a half there.
They found a cure for Beck's
Syndrome forty years ago. Be
interesting to know what's she's
really doing with the money.

(HIS EYE IS THEN
CAUGHT BY THE
MONITOR SHOWING
PERI AND THE DOCTOR.)

D.J. PRESSES ANOTHER
SWITCH AND IN HIS
"PROFESSIONAL" VOICE
SAYS:)

Hey there, you guys. The maiden
in distress is coming this way.
I wonder which of you lucky fellas
she's coming to see.

(ASIDE IN HIS
"OWN" VOICE)

Well, don't all answer at once.

(C.U. MONITOR.
WE SEE THE DOCTOR
REACHING THE TOP
OF A SMALL HILL)

TELECINE 4:

Ext. Rough Ground. Day.

THE DOCTOR and PERI as
on the monitor in
previous scene.

THE DOCTOR is wearing
his cloak.

He is also swinging his
watch and chain.

Sometime during this scene,
we see him slip it into
his trouser pocket.

THE DOCTOR: Feeling better?

PERI: (NODS) A little ...
I wish you'd told me the truth
about this place.

THE DOCTOR: I thought I had.

PERI: You said this was a
civilised planet.

THE DOCTOR: Not quite. I said
its technology was about five
hundred years ahead of Earth's.

PERI: All right. So where is
it?

THE DOCTOR: What?

PERI: All this technology?

THE DOCTOR: Nearby.

PERI: You said this would be a
nice, peaceful visit. You said
there wouldn't be any mad axemen
or creatures of the night to
disturb my tranquility.

THE DOCTOR: Did I really say that?

PERI: You did. You also said there would be friendly faces. People we could dine out with, rather than the sort who wanted to dine on us.

THE DOCTOR: It seems I said a great deal.

PERI: You certainly did. But what do we find? Exploding fish and a man who looks as though a blow lamp has been run over his face.

THE DOCTOR: Hardly events I could have predicted.

PERI: Well, I hope there aren't any more surprises. I don't think I could cope if there were.

THE DOCTOR: There we're of one mind.

They walk off down the hill.

CAMERA remains on the brow.

PERI: Do you think there are more around like that poor guy I killed.

THE DOCTOR: Could be.

PERI: That's what I thought.

THE DOCTOR: I wouldn't worry about it.

PERI: Oh, no?

Although they go on talking, we cannot hear what they say.

As they reach the bottom of the hill, a WHITE DALEK edges INTO FRAME.

12. INT. NEW CATAcomb.

(TAKIS, LILT AND
TWO ARMED ATTENDENTS
WATCH AS THE DEAD
GUARD IS LOADED
ONTO A TROLLEY AND
IS THEN TAKEN AWAY.)

A TECHNICIAN EXAMINES
THE DESTROYED DALEK)

LILT: Bit of a mess.

(TAKIS POINTS AT
THE DESTROYED DALEK)

TAKIS: Was that thing on
guard duty?

LILT: So I gather.

TAKIS: It's worse than
I thought.

LILT: Everything's worse than
you thought. What's the matter
with you, Takis? You're turning
into a right old misery. It's
only a tame Dalek.

TAKIS: That's right. But don't
you find the security a bit heavy?
All that's supposed to be in the
old catacomb are a few thousand
stiffs in suspended animation....
There's something else going on.

(HE NOTICES A RED
LIGHT FLASHING ON
A NEARBY SECURITY
CAMERA)

Come on.

(THEY MOVE OFF
INTO THE OLD
CATACOMB)

13. INT. DAVROS' LABORATORY.

(CLOSE ON DAVROS)

DAVROS: (MUTTERS) You see too much, Takis.

(WIDEN SHOT)

FIRST DALEK: Kara is now available.

DAVROS: I shall talk to her.

(ATTENDANT PRESSES A BUTTON AND KARA APPEARS ON THE LARGE SCREEN)

14. OLD CATACOMBS.

(GRIGORY HAS LOCKED
A DECODER INTO THE
LOCK OF A CIRCULAR
DOOR AND IS READING
ITS DISPLAY.

WE CAN NOW SEE THE
NAME OF THE "RESTING"
OCCUPANT EMBLAZONED
ON THE DOOR,
"PROFESSOR A.V. STENGOS")

GRIGORY: (PETRIFIED) However
did I let you talk me into this.

NATASHA: Get on with it.

GRIGORY: A bit of tomb robbing
is one thing, but did you have to
kill that guard? (HIC-CUPS)
Sorry ...

NATASHA: Look, I no more
want to be here than you. But
that's my father in there. And
I want to know why the courts were
so reluctant to let me have
his body back. Now
hurry up!

GRIGORY: You can't rush this
sort of thing.

NATASHA: Neither can we hang
around here.

GRIGORY: Oh, you're so impetuous. If I open that door too soon, the molecular structure of the body will breakdown. Poor old Stengos will turn into a pool of high protein water. Even if I were confident I could reconstitute him, we do not have a suitable vessel into which he could be ladled.

NATASHA: Just get the door open, will you.

GRIGORY: Don't you ever listen? I'm a doctor, not a magician. You'll kill him!

NATASHA: If we don't succeed, he's already dead. Now get the door open!

(RELUCTANTLY, GRIGORY
STARTS TO TAP
OUT THE DOOR
OPENING CODE)

TELECINE 5:

Ext. High Protein.
Production Laboratory.
(Model Shot)

The complex is massive
and has the feeling of
an old fashioned
industrial town.

15. INT. KARA'S OFFICE.

(KARA IS TALL
SEXY, FORTISH
AND VERY MUCH
IN CONTROL OF
HERSELF AND EVERYONE
AROUND HER.

SHE IS STRIKING
IN APPEARANCE
RATHER THAN BEAUTIFUL.

KARA IS STANDING
BEFORE A LARGE
SCREEN.

ON IT WE CAN SEE
DAVROS, VOGEL, HER
MALE ASSISTANT, STANDS
TO ONE SIDE OF THE
SCREEN)

KARA: It's all very well to
make your demands, but you
already take most of the profit
my factories make.

DAVROS: I created the product
you manufacture. I have the
right to the money.

KARA: Oh, I am more than
aware of that, Davros. I would
willingly sell the bones of
Vogel here, if it would aid your
cause.

VOGEL: And I would give them
willingly.

KARA: You see how devoted we are? But you would get very little for him alive or dead. And I would be without a secretary. Do you realise how hard it would be to replace him? Good secretary's are very difficult to find.

DAVROS: I do not wish to hear any more from your prattling tongue. I want more money! I cannot complete my research without it.

KARA: We'll do our best for you. I'm sure Vogel can engage in a little creative accountancy on your behalf.

VOGEL: I already do, madam. I am a pass master at the double entry.

KARA: Then you must make it triple. You heard what Davros said, he needs the money.

DAVROS: Do not call me by my name on an open channel!

KARA: I'm so sorry, Great Healer. Such is my enthusiasm for your cause my mouth often says what my mind wouldn't dare think. Please accept my apologies.

DAVROS: I would rather accept your money. And soon!

(THE IMAGE ON
THE SCREEN SNAPS
OFF.

KARA CONTINUES TO
STARE AT THE BLANK
SCREEN FOR A MOMENT,
A JOYLESS SMILE
ON HER LIPS.

THAT TOO SNAPS
OFF AND HER
FEATURES HARDEN)

KARA: Has Orcini arrived?

VOGEL: He has, madam.

KARA: Then show him in.

16. INT. OLD CATAcomb.

(THE DOOR OF
STENGOS' CELL IS
NOW OPEN. CLOUDS
OF CONDENSED CARBON
DIOXIDE BILLOW
FROM THE OPENING.

GRIGORY AND NATASHA
GROPE AROUND IN
THE FOG FOR
STENGOS'S BODY.

THEY FIND WHAT THEY
ARE LOOKING FOR
AND PULL OUT A
SLIDING TRAY
WITH AN ALUMINIUM
FOIL WRAPPED BODY
ON IT)

GRIGORY: You were wrong. The
body's here!

NATASHA: Unwrap it.

GRIGORY: As you wish.

(HE FIDDLES WITH
ONE OF THE TUBES
ATTACHED TO THE
BODY)

Why do I allow myself to get involved
in such lunatic situations.

(AS GIRGORY WORKS,
HE ACCIDENTLY KNOCKS
THE BODY, WHICH
WOBBLES.

GRIGORY AND NATASHA
EXCHANGE A CONFUSED
GLANCE.

GRIGORY PRODES
THE BODY AGAIN.
THIS TIME IT
NEARLY SLIDES
FROM ITS REST.

QUICKLY GRIGORY
REMOVES THE FOIL
FROM AROUND THE
FACE AND WE SEE
THAT IT IS A
DUMMY)

NATASHA: They have taken him!

TAKIS: (O.O.V.) Hold it!

(GRIGORY AND NATASHA
TURN TOWARDS THE
SOURCE OF THE VOICE.
FROM THEIR P.O.V.
WE SEE TAKIS,
LILT AND THE
TWO ATTENDANTS AT
THE FAR END OF
THE CATACOMB)

Throw down the gun.

(NATASHA OBEYS)

Now raise your hands. (cont...)

(ON THE GRENADE
CLIPPED TO THE
BELT IN THE SMALL
OF NATASHA'S BACK.

CAUTIOUSLY NATASHA
REACHES FOR IT,
UNCLIPS IT AND
THEN CONTINUES
AS THOUGH SHE
IS ABOUT TO
RAISE HER HANDS.

INSTEAD SHE HURLS
THE GRENADE ALONG
THE CORRIDOR)

TAKIS: (cont) Grenade!

(AS HE SHOUTS BOTH
HE AND LILT
HURL THEMSELVES
TO THE FLOOR AND
COVER THEIR HEADS.

THE TWO ATTENDANTS
AREN'T FAST ENOUGH
AND CATCH THE
FULL BLAST OF THE
EXPLOSION.

DURING THE CONFUSION
WE SEE NATASHA
SNATCH UP HER
BLASTER AND DRAG
A PANIC STRICKEN
GRIGORY AWAY)

17. INT. NEW CATAcomb.

(TASAMBEKER,
ASSISTED BY AN
ATTENDENT ARRIVE
PUSHING A TROLLEY
ON WHICH IS THE
COVERED BODY OF THE
GUARD KILLED
EARLIER.

OTHER ATTENDENTS
GATHER AND SOON
THERE IS A BUZZ OF
EXCITED CONVERSATION.

A NEARBY DOOR IS
THROWN OPEN AND
JOBEL EMERGES
WEARING A HEAVY
RUBBER APRON
AND RUBBER GLOVES)

JOBEL: If you wish to gossip,
there is a rest room provided,
you know.

TASAMBEKER: I'm sorry, Mr. Jobel.

JOBEL: I should have guessed you'd
be here.

TASAMBEKER: An attendant has been
murdered.

JOBEL: It's a pity it couldn't
have been you. (cont...)

(TASAMBEKER LOOKS
VERY HURT)

JOBEL: (cont) Oh, I wish you'd get used to my sense of humour.

TASAMBEKER: I'm sorry, Mr. Jobel.

JOBEL: Why've you brought him here? This is my preparation room, not the mortuary.

TASAMBEKER: He's badly damaged. He'll require cosmetic embalming before we return him to his planet for perpetual instatement.

JOBEL: Don't you ever listen. I have the president's wife in here and I can tell you she's more active now than she ever was when alive.

TASAMBEKER: I'm sorry, Mr. Jobel.

JOBEL: I wish you'd stop apologising all the time.

TASAMBEKER: (INNOCENTLY) Sorry, Mr. Jobel.

(JOBEL SCOWLS)

JOBEL: I haven't got time to deal with him.

TASAMBEKER: Perhaps I could. I am a third year student. And I have studied your methods very closely.

JOBEL: The way you get under my feet, I sometimes think too closely.
(cont...)

(JOBEL PULLS BACK
THE COVER OF THE
DEAD ATTENDENT.

JOBEL: (cont) He certainly is
in a mess.

(LOOKS AT
TASAMBEKER)

Well, I s'pose you can't make him
look any worse.

TASAMBEKER: Thank you, Mr. Jobel.

JOBEL: Now get him away from here.

TASAMBEKER: Certainly Mr. Jobel.
And thank you.

(JOBEL TURNS TO GO BACK INTO HIS ROOM)

JOBEL: Oh, before you start hacking
him around, the Great Healer wants to
see you.

(LOOKS UP AT THE
SECURITY CAMERA AND
SAYS VERY LOUDLY:)

Although why I should be the
messenger boy, I do not know.

18. INT. DAVROS' LABORATORY.

(CLOSE ON DAVROS)

DAVROS: (MUTTERS) You are a fool, Jobel. I have offered you the universe, but you are content to play with the bodies of the dead.

(MUCH LOUDER)

Soon you will join their number!

19. INT. OLD CATAcomb.

(GRIGORY AND NATASHA
RUN ALONG THE
CORRIDOR THEN PAUSE)

GRIGORY: (BREATHLESS) This
is no life style for someone
of my age.

(HE UNCAPS HIS BOTTLE
AND TAKES A SWIG)

NATASHA: That won't do you
any good.

GRIGORY: You've left your
sudden interest in my health
a little late.

NATASHA: If you want to get
out of here alive, it's best
you remain sober.

GRIGORY: Oh, really. You
condemned me to death the
instant you threw that first
grenade. (HIC-CUPS) Sorry.

(NATASHA MOVES OFF)

Don't walk away when I'm
telling you off!

(NATASHA CONTINUES
ON HER WAY)

GRIGORY:

There's no future down there.
That way only takes us deeper
underground.

NATASHA: You should have studied
your map a little closer.

GRIGORY: I stayed up all night
studying it. The lack of
alternative exits depressed me
no end.

NATASHA: If you had studied
with a clearer mind, you would
have noticed there is a service
lift to each level.

GRIGORY: Is there?

NATASHA: Come on.

(CONFUSED, GRIGORY
FOLLOWS)

TELECINE 6:

a) Ext. Rough Ground.
Day.

THE DOCTOR: (POINTS) There
you are ...

THEIR P.O.V.:

b) Ext. Tranquil
Repose. Day.
(Model Shot).

A series of futuristic structures constitute, the admin. buildings, laboratories and preparation rooms,

In front of the buildings we can see the "Garden of Fond Memories".

(Obviously this should reflect the location used later in this episode).

THE DOCTOR: (V.O.) Tranquil Repose.

Not only should it have a feeling of peace and tranquility, but also give the impression it goes on for miles.

The cryogenic chambers that contain the "Resting Ones" are underground.

c) Ext. Rough Ground Day.

RESUME ON PERI.

PERI: Tanquil Repose? That doesn't sound very alien.

THE DOCTOR: What did you expect?

PERI: I don't know. Something more ethereal ... But Tranquil Repose it's sort of ... yuk. The kind of name we'd come up with in the States.

THE DOCTOR: Your planet doesn't have a monopoly on bad taste.

PERI: I know that. It's just the way you've talked about your friend. I didn't expect to find him in a place with such a tacky name.

THE DOCTOR: To be perfectly honest, neither did I. Stengos wasn't the sort who would want his life artificially extended. Hanging around in the vain hope someone might discover a cure for the organic breakdown of his body is not him at all.

PERI: Now you tell me. (ANNOYED) I knew there was a reason we'd materialised in the middle of nowhere. Why didn't you tell me before?

THE DOCTOR: Simply being cautious.
Would you rather
I burdened you with what may
have turned out to be nothing
more than a piece of paranoid
speculation on my part?

PERI: But it wasn't.

THE DOCTOR: I know that now.
But when we first picked up
the news of Stengos' death,
I couldn't be certain.

PERI: Shouldn't we go back
for the Tardis? I'd feel
safer if we did.

THE DOCTOR : To arrive in the Tardis would
attract too much attention.
I prefer to slip in unnoticed.

- 1/58 -

20. INT. D.J.'S STUDIO.

(CLOSE-UP WALL OF
MONITORS.

EVERY ONE SHOWS
THE SAME SCENE:
A HIGH LONG
SHOT OF THE
DOCTOR AND PERI.

D.J. SITS WITH HIS
FEET ON THE CONSOLE
STARING AT THE
SCREENS)

21. INT. OLD CATAcomb.

(GRIGORY AND NATASHA
ON THE MOVE.

THEY REACH A JUNCTION
AND STOP.

CAUTIOUSLY, SHE
PEERS ROUND THE
CORNER.

HER P.O.V.: TWO
WHITE DALEKS STAND
EITHER SIDE OF THE
LIFT DOOR.

NATASHA QUICKLY
WITHDRAWS HER HEAD)

NATASHA: (LOW VOICE) Daleks.

GRIGORY: We could try another
level.

NATASHA: There isn't time.
I must make contact with the others.

(SHE MOVES BACK ALONG
THE CATAcomb UNTIL
THEY REACH A DOOR
RECESSED INTO THE
ROCK.

NATASHA EXAMINES
THE DOOR OPENING
MECHANISM, TENSES
HERSELF, BLASTER
AT THE READY, HITS
THE DOOR OPENING
MECHANISM AND
ENTERS:)

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PAGE 60 DELETED

23. INT. DAVROS' LABORATORY

(ON A MONITOR SCREEN
WE SEE A HIGH WIDE SHOT
OF THE INCUBATION ROOM
AS FROM THE P.O.V. OF
THE SECURITY CAMERA.

NATASHA AND GRIGORY
ENTER)

DAVROS: Inform Takis.

24. INT. INCUBATION ROOM.

(ALONG ONE WALL ARE
A SERIES OF GLASS
INCUBATORS CONTAINING
HUMAN BRAINS IN
VARIOUS FORMS OF
MUTATION.

AT THE END OF THE
INCUBATORS IS A
STEEL BOX WITH A
SLIDING DOOR.

IN A CORNER OF THE
ROOM ARE TWO WHITE
DALEKS COVERED IN
A THIN, BLUE MEMBRANE.

IF POSSIBLE, ONE OF
THE DALEKS SHOULD
PULSE SLIGHTLY AS
THOUGH IT WERE
BREATHING.

WHATEVER, THE IMPRESSION
SHOULD BE THAT THE
DALEKS ARE ORGANIC
AND IN A STATE OF
GROWTH.

NATASHA SCANS THE
ROOM WHILE GRIGORY
LOOKS AT THE BRAINS)

GRIGORY: Reminds me of when
I was at medical school.

NATASHA: It's gruesome.
(cont ...)

(SHE REMOVES HER PACK,
OPENS IT AND TAKES
OUT A TRANSCEIVER)

NATASHA: (cont) Are they human brains?

GRIGORY: Oh, yes ... (INDICATES RADIO) Do you think that thing will work down here?

NATASHA: I can only try.

(GRIGORY MOVES ALONG THE INCUBATORS)

GRIGORY: We're not going to get out of here alive, are we?

NATASHA: (FIDDLING WITH RADIO) I don't know.

GRIGORY: I have this terrible fear I'll die begging for mercy.

NATASHA: Pride isn't important at the moment of death.

(IN ANGER GRIGORY SLAMS THE DOOR OF THE METAL BOX)

GRIGORY: It is to me They won't torture us, will they?

NATASHA: You're becoming morbid.

GRIGORY: Instant death doesn't bother me. It's the long, lingering kind I'm worried about. You forget I'm a doctor. When they slice me open, I'll know the name and function of each organ that plops out.

NATASHA: At least you won't die
in ignorance.

(THE DOOR OF THE BOX
SLIDES OPEN. INSIDE
WE SEE THE SEVERED
HEAD OF STENGOS,
STANDING ON THE STUMP
OF ITS NECK. THE
EYES ARE CLOSED, AND
THE LIMB APPEARS
DEAD.

GRIGORY STARES AT
THE HEAD)

You're right, this place is
gruesome.

NATASHA: (O.O.V.) Now what?

(ON HEARING NATASHA'S
VOICE STENGOS' EYES
OPEN)

GRIGORY: A complete head.

STENGOS: Natasha? (cont ...)

(THE VOICE IS VERY
BREATHY AS STENGOS
ATTEMPTS TO SUCK
AIR THROUGH HIS
SEVERED WINDPIPE)

STENGOS: (cont) Natasha?

GRIGORY: He knows you.

(NATASHA CROSSES TO
THE BOX AND LOOKS IN)

NATASHA: (MATTER OF FACT) Of
course he does ... He's my
father.

25. INT. D.J.'S STUDIO.

(THE MONITORS ARE
BACK TO USUAL.)

D.J.: (INTO MIC) Now listen you guys, I don't wish to alarm you, but there are some pretty weird things going on out here. As you know, there are "snatchers" in the complex. But it gets creepier when the word is that the snatchers have been out-snatched! If any of you guys are able, lock your caskets from the inside, snap those bolts now. Otherwise you could be on the outside going who knows where.

26. INT. DAVROS' LABORATORY.

(CLOSE ON DAVROS)

DAVROS: (MUTTERS) Suddenly everyone sees and knows too much.

27. INT. INCUBATION ROOM.

STENGOS: My mind has been conditioned to serve only one master.

NATASHA: So you keep saying. But who is this person.

STENGOS: I can't remember.

NATASHA: Why not? You remembered who I am.

STENGOS: You are my daughter. Why should I forget that ...?
(EYES TURN TO GREGORY) Is he your husband?

NATASHA: You're joking.

GREGORY: Thank you.

NATASHA: Please, dad, try and concentrate. Why have they done this to you?

STENGOS: I am to become a Dalek. We are all to become Daleks.

STENGOS: (ALMOST AS A DALEK)
We are to serve the new order.
We are to become the supreme
beings ... (THEN LIKE ANOTHER
PERSON) Help me, Natasha.

(NATASHA TURNS TO
GREGORY AND FOR
THE FIRST AND LAST
TIME SHE ALLOWS A
LITTLE EMOTION TO
BREAK THROUGH)

NATASHA: What can I do?

STENGOS: (AS A DALEK) We must
multiply. The seed of the
Daleks must be supreme. We
must conquer and destroy all
those who resist the power of
the Daleks ... (ANOTHER VOICE)
Kill me, child.

NATASHA: I can't.

STENGOS: (AS A DALEK) It is
our duty to eradicate those
who would wish to pollute the
purity of the Dalek race ...
(ANOTHER VOICE) If you've
ever loved me, Natasha, kill me.

GREGORY: Let me do it.

NATASHA: No ...

STENGOS: It is vital that the
Daleks are supreme in all things.

(SUDDENLY NATASHA
POINTS HER BLASTER
AT THE HEAD OF
STENGOS AND FIRES.)

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THE CASE AND HEAD
EXPLODE.

NATASHA TAKES OUT
ANOTHER POWER PACK,
INSERTS IT INTO THE
BLASTOR AND CROSSES
TO THE DOOR)

NATASHA: I need to get out of
here.

(GREGORY NODS, PICKS
UP THE RADIO AND
JOINS HER.

THEY THEN ENTER:)

28. INT. OLD CATAcomb.

(AT ONE END OF THE CORRIDOR STANDS TAKIS FLANKED BY TWO ATTENDENTS WHO HAVE LASER RIFLES LEVELLED READY TO FIRE)

TAKIS: Going somewhere?

(NATASHA AND GREGORY TURN TO FACE TAKIS.

AS THEY DO, LILT STEPS UP BEHIND THEM AND SAVAGELY JABS THE BUTT OF HIS GUN INTO NATASHA'S BACK.

AS SHE GOES DOWN, LILT JABS AT GREGORY WHO JOINS HIS FRIEND ON THE FLOOR.

LILT ABANDONS HIS GUN AND TAKES OUT A KNIFE.

AS HE DOES, HE SAVAGELY KICKS NATASHA)

Enough!

(BUT LILT GOES ON KICKING)

LILT: What about those she's killed.
(cont ...)

(LILT FINGERS THE
BLADE OF HIS KNIFE)

LILT: (cont) I've got to mark
her.

TAKIS: (SHOUTS) I said,
enough!

(IN ANGER LILT
FLINGS HIS KNIFE
TO THE FLOOR.)

CLOSE UP GREGORY.
THE KNIFE HAS
STUCK INTO THE
FLOOR AN INCH FROM
HIS HEAD)

- 1/73 -

TELECINE 7:

Ext. High Protein Production
Laboratory. Day.
(Model Shot)

29. INT. KARA'S OFFICE.

(THE GRAND MASTER
ORCINI IS TALL,
SLIM AND FIT.

HE IS IN HIS MID-
FORTIES WITH A
SHOCK OF WHITE
HAIR. HE IS DRESSED
IN A SIMPLE, BLACK
TUNIC.

BOSTOCK, HIS ASSISTANT
ECHOES THE GRAND
MASTER IN DRESS -
BUT WHEREAS ORCINI
IS A NEAT, ALMOST
DAPPER MAN, BOSTOCK,
IS DIRTY AND UNTIDY.
HE ALSO HAS THE
UNPLEASANT HABIT
OF SNIFFING THAN
CUFFING HIS NOSE
WHEN HE BECOMES
EXCITED.

VOGEL LEADS ORCINI
AND BOSTOCK INTO
THE ROOM.

KARA, WHO IS SEATED
BEHIND HER DESK,
RISES AND SMILES.

ALTHOUGH SHE HAS
NEVER MET ORCINI
BEFORE, SHE GREETS
HIM LIKE HER OLDEST
FRIEND)

KARA: My dear, Orcini. (cont ...)

(SHE EXTENDS HER HAND,
BUT ORCINI IGNORES
IT AND GIVES HER A
SMALL NOD OF THE HEAD.

HE DOESN'T LIKE
BEING TOUCHED. BUT
NEITHER DOES KARA
LIKE THE REJECTION,
BUT DECIDES TO SAY
NOTHING.

KARA CONTINUES, HER
MANNER EVEN MORE
BRITTLE AND PHONEY
THAN BEFORE)

KARA: (cont) I would have
greeted you on your arrival, but
a small crisis in the process
department diverted me. My
sincerest apologies.

ORCINI: It is rare for someone
of my profession to meet a
client on their home territory.
Assassins, like debt collectors,
are rarely welcome. And when
we are allowed onto the premises,
it is usually through the side
door.

KARA: (TO VOGEL) He is a
philosopher. How charming.

VOGEL: I sensed it at once,
madam.

KARA: (TO ORCINI) I think we
shall get on very well.

ORCINI: This is Bostock, my
squire.

(BOSTOCK LEERS AND
STEPS FORWARD
ALMOST GRABBING
KARA'S HAND)

BOSTOCK: Lady.

(BOSTOCK KISSES
KARA'S HAND.

AS HE DOES KARA
MAKES AN ALMOST
INVOLUNTARY
MOVEMENT TO PULL
AWAY.

DOWNDOWN OF BOSTOCK
IS NOT A VERY
PLEASANT PLACE TO
BE.

ORCINI CLOCKS
KARA'S RESPONSE)

ORCINI: I'm afraid the only
philosophy practised by
Bostock is to do as little
about his personal hygiene
as possible.

KARA: (SMILES) And why not?
The odour of nature has charms
all its own.

BOSTOCK: My very sentiments,
lady.

ORCINI: He may smell like
rotting flesh, but he is an
excellent squire. .

(BOSTOCK SNIFFS,
THEN CUFFS HIS
NOSE)

KARA: Indeed. Please be seated, gentlemen.

ORCINI: We prefer to stand.

KARA: Of course. How foolish of me. As men of action, you must be like coiled springs, alert, ready to pounce.

ORCINI: Nothing so romantic. I have an artificial leg with a faulty hydraulic valve. When seated, the valve is inclined to jam.

VOGEL: Perhaps you would like one of our engineers to repair it for you.

ORCINI: I prefer the inconvenience. It is a constant reminder of my mortality. It helps keep my mind alert.

KARA: Oh, Vogel, we have a master craftsman here! I feel humbled in his presence. (TO ORCINI) No wonder your reputation is like a fanfare across the galaxy.

ORCINI: I take little joy from my work. That I leave to Bostock. (cont ...)

(BOSTOCK NODS
VIGOROUSLY)

ORSINI (CONT) I prefer the contemplative life ... (REFLECTIVELY) But that isn't always possible ... So to cleanse my conscience, I give the fee I receive for my work to charity.

KARA: Such commitment. You are indeed the man for our cause.

(KARA SNAPS UP A MODEL SHOT OF THE FACTORY COMPLEX ON A SCREEN)

As you must know, my factories are dedicated to producing a high protein concentrate. This we sell to developing planets at such a ridiculously low price, it embarrasses and frustrates my accountants.

ORCINI: I am aware that your product has eliminated famine from the galaxy.

BOSTOCK: It tastes horrible though.

VOGEL: That, our scientists are working to improve.

KARA: Indeed. As everything else we do here is to improve the quality of life for others.

VOGEL: If only we could be left to get on with our work, madam.

KARA: I know ... as in any paradise, my dear Orcini, there is always a serpent.

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VOGEL: And our malignancy
is a particularly vile one.

(KARA SNAPS UP A
STILL SHOT OF
THE HEAD OF
DAVROS IN HIS LIFE
SUPPORT TANK)

He calls himself the Great Healer.

ORCINI: I've heard of him.

VOGEL: A pretentious title
for a decidedly evil man.

BOSTOCK: There's not much of
him.

(SNIFFS AND CUFFS)

KARA: Nevertheless he holds
this planet in a grip of fear.
He bleeds my factory dry
with his constant demands for
money.

(ORCINI STARES AT
THE FACE OF
DAVROS)

ORCINI: His countenance is
familiar.

KARA: Then let me put a name
to it- Davros.

(A SMALL SMILE
FLICKERS ACROSS
THE LIPS OF
ORCINI)

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ORCINI: (TO BOSTOCK) Do you know of him?

BOSTOCK: (GLEEFULLY) Oh, yes, Master.

KARA: He sits like a spider at the heart of our planet using the money he extorts from us to rebuild his disgusting creation.

VOGEL: Daleks. Creatures of hate.

ORCINI: (SAVOURING THE THOUGHT) Fascinating.

(BOSTOCK SNIFFS
AND CUFFS)

BOSTOCK: What a kill Davros would be, eh, master.

ORCINI: Just like the old days- Bostock - a crusade against evil.

KARA: Destroy Davros and you will become a legend in your own life time.

ORCINI: You've no idea how long I have waited for a noble cause. To once more kill for honour and glory.

KARA: Will you do it?

ORCINI: Of course.

TELECINE 9:

Ext. A Long White Wall.
Day.

PERI: No door.

THE DOCTOR: This is ridiculous!

PERI: I told you we should have come by Tardis.

THE DOCTOR: There must be a door! Without a door, there can't be a letter box. No letter box, no post.

PERI: Your logic is impeccable, but for one thing: most of the people in there are dead.

THE DOCTOR: Resting. in suspended animation, Peri, not dead. There is a difference.

PERI: Maybe. But it still doesn't alter the fact there isn't a door.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, well. There's nothing else left to do.

PERI: (EAGERLY) Go back.

THE DOCTOR: Certainly not. (HE CUPS HIS HANDS) We go over the top.

PERI: You're joking.

THE DOCTOR: How do you think I feel? I'm a seven hundred year old Time Lord. There's not much dignity in going over a wall like a boy into an orchard on a scrumping spree.

PERI: Oh, very well.

Inserts her foot
into the Doctors
cupped hands.

PERI: But don't drop me.

THE DOCTOR: The amount you weigh.
I'll be lucky if I can lift you.

PERI: Just watch it, porky.

The Doctors cupped
hands are resting on
the area of his thigh
where his trouser
pocket is.

Peri pushes down on
the Doctors hands and
there is a terrible
crunching sound.

ON THE DOCTOR: his expression
indicates something terrible
has happened.

31. INT. NEW CATAcomb.

(THE DOOR TO
THE PREPARATION
ROOM IS OPEN.)

SIX ATTENDANTS
ARE GATHERED
NEAR THE DOOR
AND ARE BEING
ADDRESSED BY
JOBEL)

JOBEL: This is a big day for
Tranquil Repose - and
I don't want any-
thing to go wrong. The key
word is respect. To you, the
president's wife is a "stiff".
To him, she is a loved one,
having passed on to pastures
finer and lusher than those
she knew in life. Although
the president has yet to arrive,
the utmost decorum and good
taste will be shown from this
moment on. Black cotton gloves
will be worn at all times. There
will be no drinking, swearing
or smoking of herbal mixture
in the presence of the deceased
... are you picking your nose?

(FIVE ATTENDANTS
TURN TO STARE AT
THE SIXTH, WHO
VEHEMENTLY SHAKES
HIS HEAD)

I should hope not ... (cont...)

(CONTINUES HIS
ADDRESS)

JOBEL: (cont) All necessary conversations will be conducted in a whisper. Anyone who chooses or inadvertently breaks any of the house rules between now and the presidents departure, will spend the next month scrubbing out the preparation room with a toothbrush. Understood?

(THERE IS A MURMUR
OF ACKNOWLEDGEMENT)

Now get the witch loaded onto a transporter.

(THE ATTENDANTS
POUR INTO THE
PREPARATION ROOM)

And be careful. Her face has been enamelled. If that lot cracks she'll look as though I've crazy paved her physog.

32. INT. CELL.

(GRIGORY AND NATASHA
ARE DRAGGED IN BY
TAKIS AND LILT.)

THE ROOM IS VERY
ROUGH AND READY,
WITH HEAVY MANACLES
ATTACHED TO THE WALL.

NATASHA AND GRIGORY
ARE PUSHED TOWARDS
THE MANACLES BY
LILT)

GRIGORY: Cosy. Almost a
home from home.

LILT: Shut up!

(LILT BACKHANDS
GRIGORY ACROSS
THE FACE.)

TAKIS GRIPS THE
BRIDGE OF HIS
NOSE BETWEEN
INDEX FINGER
AND THUMB)

TAKIS: (TO LILT) Must you make
so much noise? I've got a
splitting headache. Just chain
them up, will you.

(THERE IS MUCH
PUSHING OF GRIGORY
AND NATASHA AND
JANGLING OF MANACLES)

Quietly!

33. INT. KARA'S OFFICE.

(A BLACK BOX,
THE SIZE OF
A HOUSE BRICK
IS ON THE TABLE
IN FRONT OF KARA.

ON THE LID OF
THE BOX IS A
DISPLAY SIMILAR
TO A CALCULATOR)

KARA: Pretty little thing
isn't it?

VOGEL: Absolutely exquisite,
madam.

KARA: I always admire craftsmanship.
And our micro engineers do such
wonderful work.

BOSTOCK: (MUTTERS TO ORCINI)
They're like a double act.

ORCINI: What does the box do?

KARA: It's a one way transmitter.

BOSTOCK: Bit big.

KARA: It has a necessary built in
booster. Davros' laboratory is
buried deep in the catacombs.

VOGEL: Like the Speelsnape, he
hides his head under a rock and
pretends nothing can see him.

BOSTOCK: Will that help us find Davros, or do you want a running commentary on what we're doing?

(KARA UNFURLS A
BRITTLE, FORCED
SMILE)

KARA: Picture Davros dead. Now he is not without followers. And like any disciples of a fanatic, they will not give up without a struggle. As you can see, the box has a series of buttons. I will give you the sequence that will activate the transmitter. The moment you struck the equals button, a prerecorded signal will be transmitted. I will then mobilise my own forces not only to eliminate Davros' agents here, but also to take over his base.

VOGEL: No message, no rebellion. And madam remains safe.

ORCINI: What if the box is captured?

VOGEL: (SHAKES HIS HEAD) If the transmitter is tampered with in any way, the circuitry containing the message simply melts away.

KARA: Our engineers have thought of everything.

BOSTOCK: Don't like it. There are too many safeguards. It's almost as though we're expected to be caught.

ORCINI: Bostock is a pessimist, a doubter of other peoples motives. As a rule, his instinct is infallible. The only time I didn't listen to him ... (SLAPS ARTIFICIAL LEG) ... I received this.

KARA: My dear, Orcini, if we had any doubts concerning your skill, do you really think we would be having this conversation. Your reputation is legend. It is said you only have to breathe on a victim and he is dead.

ORCINI: Many silly things are said about me. I only endorse them because it brings me work. I would never be silly enough to believe any of the foolish things I hear about myself. I am only too aware of my own mortality. And so should you be.

KARA: Of course. Of course. But you must appreciate the safety features of the box are a mere precaution. No-one expects you to fail. I would have too much to lose if you did.

BOSTOCK: Makes sense.

ORCINI: All right ... I would like to state that I am not interested in your political ambitions. Once my task is completed, you may do as you wish with this planet ... But should at any stage I smell treachery, the skill I shall use against Davros will be turned against you.

(KARA'S FACE
HARDENS)

KARA: Of course.

ORCINI: I undertake this mission for only one reason: the honour of killing Davros. Any fee you think suitable for my services may be donated to charity.

VOGEL: Such nobility.

ORCINI: I shall need charts showing the precise location of Davros.

VOGEL: They are prepared.

ORCINI: I shall also need transport.

KARA: Also arranged.

VOGEL: But for obvious reasons it can only take you to the edge of Davros' scanners.

BOSTOCK: A walk'll do us good.

(ORCINI PICKS
UP THE BLACK
BOX)

ORCINI: You will not hear from me again, except the signal from this.

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(HOLDS UP BOX)

KARA: (SMILES BROADLY) Of which
we shall wait in eager
anticipation.

34. INT. DAVROS' LABORATORY.

(TASAMBEKER IS
SHOWN IN BY
THE ATTENDANT)

TASAMBEKER: You sent for me,
Great Healer.

DAVROS: Yes, child. I have
been watching your progress this
last few months ... and I am
pleased with what I see.

TASAMBEKER: Thank you, Great
Healer.

DAVROS: You have a good attitude
to your work and you have a
pleasing personality.

(TASAMBEKER LOOKS
AWKWARD)

Who is your head of department?

TASAMBEKER: Mr. Jobel.

DAVROS: Of course. I will speak
to him. Tell him, if you're
agreeable, of course, that I would
like you transferred to my personal
staff.

TASAMBEKER: I would be delighted
and honoured.

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DAVROS: Good. You will find the work very different from that you have been used to, but I'm sure you will not find it unrewarding.

TASAMBEKER: I am always willing to learn.

DAVROS: Please me, and I can offer you the universe.

(TASAMBEKER LOOKS PUZZLED)

Stay with me. See what goes on here. I will tell Jobel where you are.

TASAMBEKER: Thank you.

TELECINE 10:

Ext. Garden of Fond
Memories. Day.

Ideally this should be a series of square, white buildings. Around the walls of the buildings are mounted statues, in "fond memory" of the dead.

The feeling of the place should be as alien as possible, and should not resemble a Garden of Rememberance on Earth in any way at all.

PERI and a limping DOCTOR are on the move.

PERI: I'm really sorry.

THE DOCTOR: (TETCHILY) It's all right.

PERI: I wouldn't for the world have had it happen.

THE DOCTOR: Forget it. I rarely use it.

PERI: But I know how fond of it you were.

THE DOCTOR: Just don't go on about it. I shall learn to live without it.

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PERI: Let me buy you a new one.

THE DOCTOR: I should never have put it in my pocket.

THE DOCTOR pulls the watch chain from his pocket. Dangling at the end is a very broken watch.

PERI: It wouldn't have happened if we'd been able to find a door ... I really am sorry.

THE DOCTOR: So am I.

He thrusts it into his jacket pocket.

PERI: Look!

From her P.O.V. we see the arm of a white Dalek withdraw around the side of a building.

THE DOCTOR spins round, but is too late.

THE DOCTOR: What was it?

PERI: I don't know. A sort of machine.

THE DOCTOR runs off followed by PERI. He rounds the corner of the building but the Dalek has gone.

THE DOCTOR: It's gone.

PERI'S FACE contorts.

PERI: I suggest you look behind
you ... At the wall.

THE DOCTOR turns.
Attached to a wall
is a massive statue
of The Doctor.

PERI: Does it look familiar?

THE DOCTOR crosses
to the statue and
stares up at it.

THE DOCTOR: I don't believe it.

35. INT. CELL.

(GRIGORY AND NATASHA
ARE NOW CHAINED TO
THE WALL.

LILT HAS OBVIOUSLY
HAD A GOOD TIME
PLAYING THE
INTERROGATOR.

TAKIS LOOKS ON)

NATASHA: Why do you keep on
and on about body snatching?
He was my father.

LILT: You could have legally
applied for his body.

NATASHA: You think I didn't
try. The law works against you.
It's impossible to get a body
back from here.

LILT: So you decided to
steal it.

TAKIS: Alright. Let's not
go over all that again.

GRIGORY: Agreed. It is rather a waste of time.

LILT: Shut your face.

TAXIS: I'm getting tired of all this. Tell them the truth.

GRIGORY: You don't need to. It's suddenly become rather obvious. (TO NATASHA) You can't get a body back from here, because those who make the law don't want you to.

LILT: That's right. (TO TAKIS) For a drunk he's not so stupid.

NATASHA: I don't understand.

TAKIS: (FORCEFULLY) There isn't room for them. The idea of this place doesn't work. The galaxy can barely feed the people alive now.

LILT: Not only that. There are a lot of important people here. Just think what would happen if they went home? They'd be in direct competition with those now holding power.

GRIGORY: Those who presently made the law.

NATASHA: That isn't fair.

LILT: Neither is the fact you'll be hanged. Body snatching is a capital offence on Necros.

GRIGORY: Not when there isn't a body. Attempting to steal a manikin can hardly carry a death penalty.

LILT: This one's suddenly
woken up.

TAKIS: There'll be a body.

GRIGORY: But in how many pieces?

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GRIGORY: You know as well as I do the only part of Stengos that exists is his head. The remains you produce for the court will have to be manufactured.

TAKIS: That will be difficult to prove.

GRIGORY: I am, of course, assuming there will be a trial.

TAKIS: The due process of the law will be seen to be done.

GRIGORY: Delighted, if somewhat amazed, to hear it.

LILT: (AWKWARDLY) We have to maintain our credibility.

TAKIS: Now all that's out of the way, all you have to do is tell us the names of your accomplices.

GRIGORY: Oh, really.

(LILT BACKHANDS
NATASHA)

LILT: You were saying?

(GRIGORY BEGINS
TO WAVER)

NATASHA: Don't tell him.

TAKIS: Soften him up.

LILT: A pleasure.

(LILT SMILES AS
HE REMOVES THE
TOP OF GRIGORY'S
BOTTLE.

AS HE DOES,
TAKIS REMOVES A
FLOWER FROM A
CONVENIENT BUTTON
HOLE AND SMELLS IT.

LILT ADVANCES ON
GRIGORY AND THRUSTS
THE BOTTLE INTO HIS
MOUTH

LILT: I knew I preferred you
drunk.

(AS THE LIQUID
POURS DOWN GRIGORY'S
THROAT, HE STARTS TO
SPUTTER AS HE ATTEMPTS
TO SPIT THE BOOZE OUT)

NATALYA: (SCREAMS) Don't! You'll
kill him!

36. INT. DAVROS' LABORATORY.

(TASAMBEKER WATCHES
THE SCENE IN THE
CELL ON A MONITOR,

SHE IS VERY CONFUSED)

DAVROS: I must have the names
of his accomplices.

DAVROS: Their associates must
be hunted down and killed.

FIRST DALEK: It will be done.

DAVROS: (NOTICING TASAMBEKER)
Does what you see disturb you?

TASAMBEKER: I'm sure what's happening
is necessary.

DAVROS: I am the Great Healer,
Davros. My word is law.

TASAMBEKER: Of course.

DAVROS: I think you may prove
adequate to my cause.

(TASAMBEKER
HASN'T THE FAINTEST
IDEA WHAT HE MEANS
BUT IS DESPERATE TO
PLEASE)

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TASAMBEKER: Thank you, Great Healer.

37 . INT. CELL.

(GRIGORY IS
SINGING QUIETLY
TO HIMSELF.

HE IS VERY DRUNK)

TAKIS: (TO LILT) You useless
clown.

LILT: I didn't know he'd react
like this.

TAKIS: It'll be hours before
he sobers up!

NATASHA: And all the information
you want is locked inside
his head.

LILT: She's lying.

NATASHA: (SMILES) Am I?

(LILT GLANCES AT
TAKIS, UNCERTAIN
WHAT TO DO NEXT)

TAKIS: I'm going for a walk.
Let me know when he's sobered
up.

(HE EXITS)

38. INT. IN D.J.'S STUDIO.

(ON A MONITOR WE
SEE THE DOCTOR
AND HIS STATUE)

D.J.: This looks like walking
dead! (INTO MICROPHONE) Hey there,
you guys, which one of you is out of
your casket?

TELECINE 11:

Ext. Garden of Fond Memories.
Day.

THE DOCTOR stands
before the statue
of himself.

He seems transfixed.

PERI hovers nearby,
concerned by
the Doctor's state.

PERI: Don't you like it?

No reply.

PERI: It isn't a bad likeness ...
Honest.

THE DOCTOR: (HARDLY ABLE TO SPEAK)
This is dreadful.

PERI: Is it?

She examines the
statue again.

THE DOCTOR: You don't understand.
I've somehow tripped in time.
This statue is in the Garden of
Fond Memories - I've somehow
managed to arrive after my own
death.

PERI: That isn't possible.

THE DOCTOR: It is ... In the Tardis. (SUDDENLY ANNOYED)
Don't you understand? I shall never leave this planet alive.

PERI: The statue's a joke.
Someone's having you on.

CLOSE-UP. Edge of statue. Unnoticed by THE DOCTOR and PERI, it moves forward from its mounting an inch or two.

THE DOCTOR: (O.O.V.) Look at it. It's weathered. It's been here a long time ... (CAN'T BELIEVE IT) I've arrived in my own future ... and I'm dead!

RESUME on THE DOCTOR and PERI.

PERI: You can't be.

THE DOCTOR: Think about it. If I were to take you back to Earth, and we were to arrive after you had died, it would be possible for you to see your own grave stone.

PERI: It must be a gag.

THE DOCTOR: A gag? Do you know how much a statue like this would cost?

PERI shakes her head.

THE DOCTOR: Too much for someone to play fun and games ... and I thought I was good for a few more centuries. (cont...)

CLOSE-UP. Edge of
statue. Unnoticed by
the DUO, it moves
forward another inch.

RESUME on THE DOCTOR,

THE DOCTOR: (cont) (HIGHLY
DISTRESSED) I never thought
precognition of my own
death would be so disturbing.

PERI: But if you do die
here, what'll happen to me?
I can't operate the Tardis.
I'd be stuck here ... (SUDDEN
THOUGHT) Unless there's a statue
of me somewhere.

She moves away from
THE DOCTOR and looks
around.

Unseen by THE DOCTOR
the statue tilts
further and silently
starts to fall towards
him.

PERI: I can't see one.

PERI turns and sees
the falling statue.

PERI: Doctor! (cont...)

He turns but is too
late.

The statue hits him
and he is buried
under its mass.

PERI screams.

She runs forward
but all we can see
is an arm and a leg
protruding from the
debris.

PERI: (cont) Doctor? ... Doctor? ...
Doctor!

HIGH SHOT of
PERI, frantic.

39. INT. DAVROS' LABORATORY.

(THE IMAGE OF
PERI IS ON A
MONITOR.)

DAVROS SMILES
THEN TITTERS.

TASAMBEKER STILL
LOOKS CONFUSED,
BUT DECIDES IT
MIGHT BE POLITIC
TO JOIN IN.

DAVROS BREAKS OUT
INTO A HELPLESS
BURST OF LAUGHTER.

TASAMBEKER ALSO
LOSES CONTROL)

TELECINE 12:

Ext. Garden of Rememberance.
Day.

The laughter of Tasambeker
and Davros is carried
over on the soundtrack.

PERI is now crying
freely.

PERI: No! Please don't be
dead ... Please, Doctor.

CLOSE UP. Edge of
statue.

Blood begins to
gush from beneath it.

PERI: (O.O.V.) No!

SUPPOSE CAM End
 Titles:

FADE OUT